

The Story Club

by Edmund Vanco Cooze

"Somebody helped me with it," began Weedlepipes, next day, "and I had to write it out to remember it all, and lots of the big words aren't mine."

"I'm glad of it," said Freckleberry, "Because somebody's got to help me with mine." Whereupon Weedlepipes told her story.

MISS PERT BECOMES MISS EX.PERT

Miss Pert was a very correct little girl. She was so very proper that she expected a great deal

"It was ten minutes past three, mama," said Miss Pert.

"T", said a little fairy, peering around from behind her water-glass, for they were at dinner.

"Really, daughter," papa began, "I don't think—"

"Oh, I'm quite sure you do, papa, and anyway, you ought to think. Teacher says we should use the positive instead of the negative form in such a case."

"A", said the fairy.

"Do you know, Miss Pert,"



of herself and a great deal of other people, and she was a little sudden in telling them about it, sometimes.

In other words, she interrupted and did it so often and with such small excuse that she was called Miss Pert. One day mama was saying to papa, "I tried to call you up at three o'clock this afternoon and—"

said mama, "that you interrupt nearly every sentence that—"

"Oh, no, mama. I let you say three sentences this morning and never interrupted you once."

"G", said the fairy. "You're it."

Miss Pert was looking into her glass of water at the moment, at the place where the light focussed. She looked so intently that her eyes blurred a little, as they